

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP



A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 19, No. 11

November 1951

Whole Number 230

HAPPYHOURS BROTHERHOOD ON THE LOOSE OR: LEAVE YOUR WIVES AT HOME

by Miles Behind, H. H. B. 652

There comes a time when many folks, be it male or female feel that certain urge to migrate into greener pastures. A cow has the same emotion, the grass seems so much greener and sweeter on the opposite side of the fence. For mortals the emotion is just to get away from the hum drum of everyday existance. The gazing into the same old faces, day in and day out does tax ones endurance—at times.

On a recent date such a state of affairs reached a climax, so six of ye noble Brotherhood decided to do something about it—and they did.

Nameless Joe was the first to become afflicted, he then made contact with five other sufferers who also had this ailment. Next to fall in line was G. Fred Orphal, then followed Si. Seidman, Ima Tellinya, potato growin' Hopeful Pete and last, possibly least, myself. As swell a bunch of apples as you could expect to meet just this side of the County Jail. The gang got together for a pow wow, and after a hefty bit of wrangling, pro and con, thunderous applause greeted the suggestion to visit no other than the Dime Novel King, Reckless Ralph up in Mass. He was the only one we figgered who could put up with such a collection of aristocrooked people—and survive.

Therefor a date was set, no one was working anyway, Sept. 15th to be exact, and the glorious day finally rolled around. The weather was one hundred per cent pippy pippy Yankee Doodle, the bees were busy buzzing, the birds let loose with all they had, both top and bottom, so with a fair wind blowing through the wind shield, it used to have a glass in it, away we went for further upstream.

It was to be G. Fred's first venture into the unknown, so far as Mass. was concerned, the rest of us had been there before and lived to tell about it. Si took along ~~his~~ other shirt, just in case, Nameless Joe always could be depended upon to supply the lubricants, especially as his Uncle would never miss a few bottles from his shelves, his eyesight was that bad. Besides Joe wanted to make sure the party would not become dull. Pete janimed so much stuff into his carpet bag we wondered why he left the piano behind. Ima settled for just a bottle opener, this in case he got hungry, and I simply brought myself, just to help the weight hold the car down on the road.

Besides Joe's loaded glassware he supplied the means of transportation. I swear it was once an automobile, nicely air conditioned, it having no top—to speak of. After a collection had been made, the tank was filled to the brim with petrol, and Joe took care of the oil, some stuff he had saved from the crankcase of a car he had abandoned the year previously.

Then came the assigning of the various members as to where they were to park the body. Joe the engineer up front with Pete and myself, Si, G.

Fred and Ima in the rear. Up front was the first cabin, the rear ye steerage. Placing G. Fred in the rear was a bit of stratagem on Joe's part, stratagem with a touch of finesse, so that the unlimited conversation Fred was capable of could be wafted to the disappearing road. Anyway it took many miles of scenery, both good and bad to make up with help of Joe's refreshments a very hilarious party. The most intimate details came forth which had no doubt laid dormant for quite a spell.

Joe developed a bit of stomach trouble while driving as there was practically no space between the steering wheel and where Joe began. He has the same trouble in a telephone booth, quite a handicap for one with a sort of obese construction.

A great deal of the conversation of course dealt with what was very close to the hearts of all you brothers, namely dime novels. This no doubt is of far more interest to you than what happened on the highway. So we won't go into that.

G. Fred, or Fred G., I never can seem to get it right all the time told of an episode in his lengthy career that really bears mention. It seems the lad has so often had wonderful inventions in mind, some of which I am sure Rube Goldberg would have paid money for to use in his sketches. Anyway when came time for Fred G. or G. Fred to drape the body between the sheets for the night, he resting on the upper floor, always had a horror of getting up at crack of dawn, paddle down two flights of creaky stairs in his long nightie to open the furnace, it being located like most heating plants are, in the basement. Not only was it a darn nuisance, but he was always afraid of picking up a splinter enroute, or catching cold in his most intimate possessions. So from nowhere sprang a great idea. Why not attach a chain to the furnace, drill a hole up through the kitchen floor, then another leading to the top floor, then run the chain right through to his bedside. Then when came the dawn all he had to do was open one eye and give an anemic pull on the chain. In a little while, presto, glorious warmth would soon permeate the entire shebang. The idea worked swell—on a blue print. It seemed so logical our hero not wanting to run up a bill from outside help borrowed a drill. He then started on his brain child. All went smooth as silk a yard wide until while drilling his first hole he encountered what he thought was a beam made out of teakwood or oak, it was that hard to penetrate. Having a stout heart he drilled like going to China, only in his case, up and not down. The supposed beam was no doubt misplaced during construction of the house, Fred wasn't there at the time, built while Washington was at Valley Forge, in its stead some careless plumber had run a water pipe, and right where according to Fred's calculations a beam should have been. Now a water pipe is a lovely thing to have in the house, but if suddenly a nasty hole is inserted, disturbing its tranquility, water has an uncanny way of seeking a short cut. Our inventor found that out right pronto. Niagara Falls was only a close second to what

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happened. Not only was the cellar a swell place for ducks, but the kitchen was also no longer a thing of beauty. However all's well that ends well and so with only a forty dollar plumber bill, and two bucks for a chain, Fred finally accomplished his objective. Just thought I'd let you fellers know that the best laid plans of mice and men—etc.

Now if any of you brethren have a hankering some time to set forth in a car, especially one of a vintage produced when motoring was a pleasure (ah those were the days) it is always wise to cart along a flock of tools, the more the better, also plenty of help, even if the help has a knowledge of only the experience gathered during the bicycle days. It's surprising though that even a woman with her endless supply of hair pins can sometimes with one pin do a better job than some supposedly skilled mechanics. Only don't bank on 'em. We ran into much needed assistance. What happened en route made us pause and realize why Pete was called Hopeful. Pete claimed he was born with a wrench in one hand and pliers in the other. So it was voted upon and carried that he was to have full charge, and without any arguments. To our amazement and delight he did fix at least ten flat tires in jig time, all depending upon how long you jigged. Many folks for some reason or nuther detest flat tires, but we discovered that to sit under a nice shady tree and watch the other feller sweatin, all sorta covered with presbyterian on such a chore was chore plenty relaxin.

Si Seidman became so exhausted in fact watching the doings he fell fast asleep, perhaps partly brought on by Joe's contribution, Si not being used to anything stronger than weak tea, his wife sees to that. His snore was quite alarming and it made one shudder to think of what possibly Mrs. Seidman has to endure throughout the night. His intake was not too bad, but the exhaust was something else again. We had quite a time bringing him back to realities especially as he had his arm wound around a tree, no doubt in his slumber thinking he had his arm around some fluffy movie queen—just a case of mistaken identity.

Even a snail will finally reach its objective, and that strange as it seems came to pass. Yep—we did roll up before the Reckless Ralph Mansion House finally, only seven hours behind schedule, not bad considering. Who but Reckless himself was there to greet us, all smiles and everything—a bit forced I thought, as he was as exhausted waiting for us as we were getting there. Fred was the only one who showed no signs of astonishment at the great change Ralph had made in the place, not having been there before. We however marveled. Just goes to show what a feller can do who has plenty of what it takes, plus pots of paint and other materials. Ralph will make a ten story apartment house of his ranch yet. More power to ye Ralph ole bean.

The usual introductions all around and explanations followed, all of which were politely listened to. However before proceeding up into Ralph's museum where he has stored loads and loads of stuff you fellers revel in, he kinda suggested very quietly that Joe run the four wheeler in back of the barn as he was expecting a few customers and he wanted the place to look presentable, what with nice new paint all over the house and all. From the house where one could not see our transportation it really did look much better. Even the chickens whom I always considered a bunch of dumb clucks flew right and left upon our arrival. I have changed my mind about 'em since.

So up to the den we wended the weary feet steps, there to our delight were all sorts of things so dear to our hearts, especially during the tender years. Young Wild West, Buffalo Bill, Liberty Boys, in fact anything you wanted to see Ralph dug it out. Besides the novels there were antickies, a lot of newspapers from the Civil War days, these Ralph claims he did not buy from the news stands when they came from the press. We really had a very enjoyable visit, Ralph is such a wonderful host. Everything must end some-

time however, so came the farewells and then to Worcester to locate a nice bed to rest the protesting bones. Pete was all for it, naturally. And can you wonder?

The following day after a hefty breakfast we headed for home. Pete finally got Lizzie started, it protested vigorously at first and off we flew at five miles per hour. Joe was so glad to start back with nice fresh Mass. air in his tires, some from Conn. and on arrival home one did still have Conn. air in it.

Later our one regret was to learn that Pete had to remain in bed for a few days to recover, he sure did learn the hard way not to brag about his mechanical ability. So brothers give heed, when starting out on a trip to Mass. or some other foreign port in a car, do try and buy or rent one that has less mileage clocked against it than Joe's steam roller. Another bit of good advice if you go to Ralph's, leave the wife at home, they just cramp your style. The reason—who ever heard of the opposite sex having the least interest in dime novels, I never did. Well I'll have to be shoveling off—Sa long fellers. Behave.

P.S. Edward and Tilman Le Blanc of Fall River, Mass., were also at Ralph's Dime Novel Ranch and Museum, and to think, they are father and son collectors of these old thrillers of yesterday, Hopeful Pete said they can't be beat.

FOR SALE

At 30¢ each, Tip-Top Weekly—289 290 577 578 580 582 585 587 590 596 597 602 645 664 671 673 680 681 683 684 685 686 688 695 696 705 708 711 712 716 776 820.

At 40¢ each, Tip-Top Weekly—287 294 303 314 318 323 332 335 337 338 358 365 369 370 380 385 387 390 391 392 393 395 399 405 406 409 410 421 422 423 468 470 476 484 490 494 497 499 500 502 503 504 509 511 517 518 519 521 522 523 533 536 537 540 542 544 545.

At 50¢ each, Tip-Top Weekly—34 95 98 111 131 134 135 137 145 152 161 165 183 195.

At 75¢ each, Tip-Top Weekly—153 155 156 184 185 187 189 191 194 197 198 230 231 236 239 242 244.

At \$1 each, Tip-Top Weekly—48 62 63 96 109 113 139 141 142 144 146 151

At \$2.50 each, RARE 1899 Handsome Harry Weekly—8-12 Like New.

At 50¢ each, Motor Matt Weekly (1909) fine 5-11-12-13-16.

Frank Reade Weekly Magazine: Number 6, stamped and taped, \$1.50; Number 8 okeh, \$2; Number 11, \$2.50; Number 12, \$3; Number 14, \$2.50; Number 15, \$2, taped.

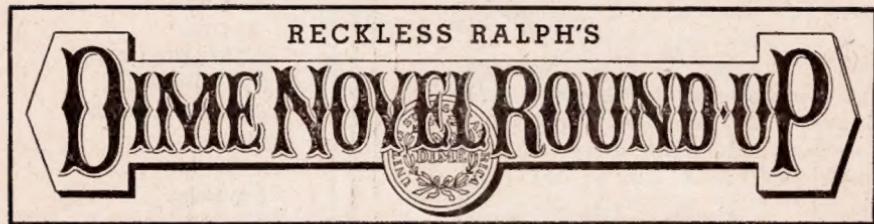
Pluck & Luck Weeklies, as follows: 76, The Rocket, top trimmed, \$2; 118 The Scarlet Shroud, taped, \$2; 122 The Secret of Page 99, Taped, \$2; 644, The Timberlake Twins, 1911, 50¢; 731, Al The Acrobat, 1912 50¢; 732, The Blue Nine (baseball), 50¢— 733, Sure & Steady, The Boy Engineers First Job, 50¢; 736, Missing From School, 50¢; 748, Fighting The Railroad Sharks, 50¢; 775, Nat, Downing The White Robed Gang, 50¢; 776, The Everlawn Cadets, 50¢; 809, A Born Fireman, 1918, 50¢; 897, The Rocket, a fine reprint of the original 76, like new, \$1; 929, The Secret of Page 99, a fine reprint of the original 122, \$1.

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NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

J. P. Guinon says that Gilbert Pat-ten (Burt L. Standish) wrote such good baseball stories because he man-aged a team up in Maine (Knox County League) for a couple of sea-sons when he was a young chap. He signed up Bill Carrigan, who later became a big league catcher (for Bos-ton, I think) when Bill was a kid, and that started him on his way to stardom.

Wallace H. Waldrap says, here's a funny incident in regards to some books of Edward S. Ellis which he has. The book—The Lost Trail, by Ellis, and published by Hurst & Co. 1911, is entirely a different story from the book of the same name which was published by Porter & Coates, 1884. Both books were written by Ellis of course, and the stories are in no way related to each other.

Benny Tighe and Bill Burns got together for a little chat a month or more ago, and two swell guys.

Pageant Mag. Nov. 1951 "The Or-i-ginal All American Boy," the Fab-u-lous Frank Merriwell, by Sidney Cor-rall, and sent in by Frank Henry, on page 64 to 69.

The last of the "Flying Codovas" is dead. Abelardo (Lalo) Codova, 55, member of the famous but ill fated family of Circus aerialists died Fri-day, Oct. 12th of cancer. At one time there were four: Lillian Leitzel, Al-fredo Codova, Vera Bruce and Lalo. The tragedies started in 1930. Lillian Leitzel fell from a trapeze in Copen-hagen. Three years later Alfredo fell during a show in New York, he was hurt badly and never returned to his work, in 1937 he (once married to Lillian) shot and killed Vera, his second wife, then killed himself. Five months later in Paris, Lalo fell. He lived, but never came back to the cir-cus. Lalo then opened an automobile repair shop in Long Beach, Calif., and ran it until he died.

Clark W. Brown, Ashland, Mass., died after a long illness at the Fram-ingham rest home, age 86, a famous

button collector and auctioneer.

Reports came in from Joe Parks, A. W. Lawson, Stanley Pachon, Frank Alger, Bill Gander and others that our beloved friend and dealer collector in the old penny bloods that John Medcraft, 64 Woodlands Road, Ilford, Essex, England, died Sept. 25th of a heart attack. He was a fine friend to all, and his dealings were on the level too. If there was anything you wanted, that he didn't have, he'd try and get it for you. I've known him for a good many years, myself, and have had many fine dealings with him. Barry Ono had the largest collection of old timers in Great Britain, and if I'm not mistaken, his was second, or very near to it, such as Black Bess, Dick Turpin, May Turpin, Jack Shep-pard, Ching Ching, Blueskin, Boys of England, Boys of the Empire, Boys of New York and London, Boys Stan-dard, Young Men of Great Britain, Young Folks, Boys Leisure Hour, Boys Comic Journals and many many others, some of them being the rarest of the rare, that can't be had for any money, so you see what a col-lection he had, and to think when he could of enjoyed it in his old age he was called to the Happy Hunting Grounds of our forefathers. We'll all miss him.

We've also lost another dear broth-er collector, Talbot Hatch, Woodland Point, Mound, Minn., died April 23rd of a ruptured pancreas, although he had various heart attacks, he always recovered. He was a collector of cer-tain old timers, such as N. Y. Week-ly, Nick Carters and others. He loved to make up lists of titles and authors of the various old timers. It was such a shock to his wife, as she had built up hopes they would be together for a good many years. A funny thing, when people get old, and should have a chance to enjoy themselves in some way or another, they are taken to another world (of which some times I wonder if there is such a place?) no one knows, and most people are not ready to go to the great beyond.

Eli A. Messier reports that Bob Frye, 895 Morgan Ave., Schenectady,

N. Y., has lost his two brothers, and he is very much broken up. His younger brother who lived at home with him died several months ago, while his other brother died a few weeks ago. His second brother was married. Why not send Bob a nice letter or a card of sympathy as well as to Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Medcraft. As I hadn't heard from either John Medcraft, Talbot Hatch or Bob Frye, I sure began to wonder if there was anything wrong.

Have been asked several times if there is such a thing as the Brotherhood having a convention of some sort, or get together, this next summer. What do you fellows think of such an idea?

Frank Henry, 24 Oreard St., Worcester, Mass., H. H. Bro. #134, has gone up a point from Great Sachem to Great Prophet of Massachusetts, Improved Order of Redmen. His hardest work is over now, so he can take things a little easier. Frank and about forty of us, both branches of the order, went out to Springfield, Mass., as that is where the Great Council of Massachusetts was held, Oct. 19th and 20th. The Banquet was lousy, worst I've ever had, and that night Tom Funderberk and myself, were clipped for \$4.37 for the night's lodging. Guess we'll keep away from Springfield hereafter. Although the show that was put on after the banquet was swell, best I've seen in quite some time. Springfield college boys or young men I should say that study Indian lore from the real early stages in full costume of those days, put on about 20 different dances, such as war dance, chicken dance and so on.

Pete Hannibal of Gloucester, Mass. became Great Sachem of Mass., Don Consaletti of Milford, Mass. became Great Senior Sagamore of Mass., and Cecil Holden of Amhurst, Mass., became Great Junior Sagamore of Mass. Their year starts October 20th 1951 to next October, Improved Order of Redmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilman Le Blanc, Edward and Doris, and a girl friend of Doris, and myself went on a trip

to Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 2nd and visited L. D. Webster at Cortland, whom we did some trading with, and the next day we went to Niagara, and the first time I was ever out of the country. We were in Canada for 3 hours. We had a fine time all around. Next day we went to Buffalo, and spent most of the day there, then headed for the Adirondack Mountains. We got turned around in Syracuse, and it was nearly midnight before we found our way out, and we put up at Morrisville. Next day we went up to Glens Falls, and down to where the Hudson begins, and over into Bennington, Vt., and over the mountains there to Brattleboro, then on home. What a drive, sorry we didn't have time to stop to visit the various brothers along the way, but will some day. Thanks to the Le Blanc's for the fine invitation to have me come along, and we all thank Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Webster and mother for putting us up overnight, for I'm sure we put them out a lot, but L. D. W. wouldn't take no for an answer, sure fine people in every way. Bro. Webster showed us a little magazine called Golden News for Boys and Girls that he first published in December 1904, that went for six numbers only. A fine little paper, and it's too bad he couldn't have kept it up, for he had some fine stories in it.

James H. Van Demark called on Everett L. Cline of Denver, Colo., and they had a very nice chat on old timers.

"SIDE NOTES"

An occasional paper about old books, old printing types, penny dreadfuls, Toy Theatres.

J. A. Birkbeck
51 Marchmont Rd., Edinburgh 9
Scotland

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Robert Lake
9 Gardiner St. Worcester 3, Mass.

RECENT RENEWALS TO THE ROUND-UP

4. J. Edward Leithhead, 5109 Cedar Ave., Phila. 43, Pa. Advisory Board.
13. Charles Westbrook, E. 1204 Illinois Ave., Spokane 1, Wash.
19. Donald S. Learnard, 23 Russell Terrace, Arlington 74, Mass.
26. M. Bertrand Couch, Box 2297, San Francisco, Calif.
34. J. J. Coughlin, Box 706, Lawrence, Mass.
52. Ray Mengar, 742 First Ave., San Diego 1, Calif.
71. John E. Clark, 1010 Laurel Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
76. Clarence D. Lamb, P. O. Box 424, Salina, Kansas.
77. Fred Lee, 4050 Cornelius Ave., Indianapolis 8, Ind.
96. Earl D. Newitt, 3326 So. Salina St., Syracuse 5, N. Y.
101. Henry Stinemets, 223 W. 2nd St., Los Angeles 12, Calif.
104. Charles J. Duprez, Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.
114. Alfred Horsey, 60 Salcombe Rd., Walthamston, London E. 17, England.
126. Edward Doone, 7-9 Arcade Bldg., Charleston, W. Va.
134. Frank E. Henry, 24 Oread St., Worcester, Mass.
146. Ernest M. Mettler, Box 123, Closter, N. J.
179. Wallace H. Waldrop, Route #5, Box 289, Greenville, S. C.
188. Benjamine Tighe, Box 777, Worcester, Mass.

New Members

212. W. D. Flemming, 4446 Wentworth Ave., Minneapolis 9, Minn.
(A Henty Collector)
213. Edmund L. Kowalczyk, 73 Moore Ave., Worcester, Mass.
(A collector of old Polish items)

Change of Address, to

45. Capt. C. G. Mayo, Wild Acres, The Mayo Farm, Huntington, Vt.
124. T. Kenneth Meadway, 1902 W. Main St., Norristown, Pa. (new address)
145. Tony M. Peterson, Geneva, Pa.

Universities and Libraries

2. University of Minnesota Library, Minneapolis 14, Minn.
3. American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

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